# DEATH

Of the Reverend

Mr. PATRICK WOTHERSPOON,
Minister of the *West-Kirk*;

A *Young*

# POEM.

*Immodicis brevis est Ætas, & rara Senectus.*
Mart.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

# ON THE DEATH

Of the Reverend

## Mr. PATRICK WOTHERSPOON, Miniſter of the *Weſt-Kirk*.

OH WOTHERSPOON! Juſt Object of Re[gret]
What Grief, what Tears, exacts thy early [Fate]
By Merit from Obſcurity to Light
Produc'd: You ſhone, oh how exceſſive bright!
And are again eclips'd, alas! how ſoon?
Nor Dawn, nor Ev'ning hadſt, but perfect Noon.
Thy well ſpent Life, with Goſpel-Duties fraught,
Exacteſt Tranſcript of the Truths you taught,
Though ſhort, would ſeem in the Deſcription long;
Like that complete, and perfect were my Song.
Nor Tears, nor Grief, can the loſt Youth regain,
Then Muſe aſſiſt my Song, and he ſhall ſtill remain.

EARLY, upon a Gospel Errand, sent
To distant Hills, 'mongst Savages he went,
And labour'd hard, the Impostor to throw
What Pleasures do from pure Religion flow;
Taught his rude Flock the Paths of Vice to shun,
Proclaim'd the Christian Race, and bade them run;
Held forth the precious Prize, eternal Life,
To urge the Labour, and promote the Strife;
Nor grudg'd his own Obscurity the while,
Pleas'd and content with his successful Toil;
'Till there engag'd before a Prince to preach,
The generous Prince was ravish'd with his Speech.
Doctrines so pure, so decently array'd,
So sweetly utter'd, and so strongly said,
At once, with Wonder and Delight, persuade.
So pow'rful then, his Eloquence did move,
The Great Man's Passion must its Victim prove,
Which, from Esteem, soon ripens into Love.
" Nor longer must so rich a Store ly hid
" In such a Corner, the due Use forbid:
" Would you the Good, you can bestow, enlarge,
" Renounce, intreats the Prince, this scanty Charge;
" Heav'n did not, sure, on you such Gifts confer,
" To cherish Clowns, and charm a rustick Ear,
" Which the politer World may more improve
" As better understand, applaud and love;

" for

" For them you have receiv'd the mighty Truſt,
" Then to the Sender and the Sent be juſt:
" Studious a-right your Talent to employ,
" So be your bright Reward your Maſter's Joy."
The Youth convinc'd with what the Chief had ſaid,
With ſome reluctant Modeſty obey'd;
His Charge reſign'd, he was not long a-drift,
Doom'd to St. *Cuthbert*'s, by the Sovereign's Gift,
Who did, as Patron, ſoon preſent him there,
To joyn another in the Paſt'ral Care,
The Pariſh large; for by divided Sway,
The Flock well tended are leſs apt to ſtray.
An other, Oh! who can that other name,
Without juſt Horror and deſerved Blame?
*Macviccar*, he it was who arm'd with Spight,
Oppoſed his Sovereign in a Patron's Right.
Engag'd the Rabble on his Side to be,
And made his private Aim, the Church's Plea.
*Her Hedge is broke, and the ſurrounding Wall*
*Of Zion,* WOTHERSPOON *receiv'd muſt fall,*
*Debarr'd the Freedom of a Goſpel Call.*
*A Goſpel Call, the Vineyard's patent Door,*
*Now barricado'd by the Sec'lar Power:*
*And wide the Windows ſet, the certain Grief*
*Of Holy Souls, to each intruding Thief,*

*Wha the Heart's Blood would of Religion ſwill,*
*Invading thus the Fold againſt our Will.*
Such Terms *Macvicecar* us'd to ſooth the Crowd,
And make them bawl in his Behalf aloud,
Inflame their Zeal, and yield a fair Pretence
Againſt th' Offender and the ſeen Offence.
Who's the Offender, Say? The Preſentee;
His Preſentation the Offence muſt be.
What boots it, That the Law the Gift allows,
Or that the Royal Grant the Gift beſtows?
Greater than either is the People's Will,
And the Receiver's an Offender ſtill.
Tho' Heritors ſhould with concurring Voice,
And even Church Courts approve the Patron's Choice;
Were the preſented Perſon ne'er ſo fit,
The weighty Office of his Charge t' acquit.
Fraught with all Learning, Human and Divine,
Yet *Neil* would hold him Naught and ſtill repine;
Meet his Admiſſion with oppoſing Might,
And ſtill maintain the Rabble in the Right.
The guilty Collegue and his Rebel Train,
Reſiſt at Length the Settlement in Vain.
The happy Flock their new-come Shepherd greet,
And Foes before in Friendſhip now unite,
All, but th' obdurate Partner of his Toil,
Whoſe heated Malice doth more furious boil,

Remorſe-

Remorseless still, and unrelenting he,
With his new Brother never will agree;
Such is his Taste of Christianity.
Who not content from his own Fold to stray,
When 'tis the Brother's Turn to preach and pray,
But flunts to see him meeting on the Way.
What further Length his baneful Passion tends,
The Muse imagines, but not condescends,
A Task for some infernal Fury fit,
With equal Venom, equal Malice smit:
How large a Field, for Satire opens here,
Were this a proper Time to be severe?
From the dishonest Theme, let's rather turn,
To strow with Flowers the faithful Pastor's Urn:
It always was, and ever will be so,
Distinguish'd Virtue must endure below;
This Truth, Dear Youth, thy Sufferings likewise show.
How has he suffer'd, may the World demand,
Who dy'd abed, and not by human Hand?
Tho' Cross nor Faggot did his Fate fulfil,
Yet he's to all Intents a Martyr still.
Ill Nature, Ignorance and Spir'tual Pride,
In every Shape secret and open ply'd,
Were the tormenting Means by which he dy'd.
These all the Virtues of his Spiteful Foes,
Who to assist his envious Collegue rose.

Unjust

Unjuſt Detraction did his Fame purſue,
His Innocence the While but known to few:
The more he was revil'd, the more he lov'd,
And by Reproach his Charity was prov'd.
He well inſtructed in the Chriſtian Lore,
Inſults, with Patience, nay Contentment bore:
At leaſt he lodg'd his Griefs in his own Breaſt,
Nor by Complaints his Injuries expreſt;
Which had at Length the baleful Conſequence,
To introduce the Fate that bore him hence.
But from the Purpoſe of her well meant Song,
The Muſe by Satire hath been kept too long.
Satire the more ſevere for being true,
Nor in leſs Compaſs could ſhe Juſtice do.
The dear departed Youth now claims her Lays,
Whom but to mention is enough to praiſe.
In him Religion, Queen of Virtues ſhone,
With all the Luſtre that ſurrounds a Throne.
Attended too, with every other Grace,
Bright and conſpicuous in its proper Place;
And temper'd all with matchleſs Modeſty,
Which lov'd, not envy'd, made him ſtill to be.
Wondrous young Man, why wer't thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatch'd hence, ere better underſtood?

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FINIS.

* Cowley.